

The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXXII.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1826.

[Price 2d.]

New Roman Catholic Chapel, Moorfields.



THERE is no place in the world in which such a variety of sects and religious denominations are to be met with as in London, where each has its chapels in almost every part of the town. Every year, as the metropolis extends, new temples for divine worship are required, and funds are almost immediately forthcoming to erect them. Some of these structures are very elegant, others as plain and unostentatious as possible. Those belonging to the Roman Catholics are remarkable for their interior decoration, particularly the chapel erected a few years ago in Moorfields, which is certainly very elegant; behind the altar, which is adorned with several fine marble columns, is a beautiful painting in fresco of the Crucifixion; and on the ceiling are represented the Virgin Mary, the Infant Jesus, and the four Evangelists, surrounded by paintings of the principal events in the life of our Saviour. The Duke of Norfolk was a magnificent contributor to the decorations of this chapel; and the plate used in sacramental offices was presented by the late Pope.

This chapel had been long built and

opened before the front was erected, which, indeed, was only finished a few weeks ago. The facade, of which the above is a correct view, is divided into five intercolumns by two columns and four pilasters of the Corinthian order: three of the intercolumns are open, and those of the extremities are closed, having a door, with a blank window or panel above it.

There is a lofty flight of steps, which lead up to the portico, and impart an air of great stateliness to the building. The general effect is good, though an improvement might certainly have been made in the principal door, which does not correspond with the rest of the building.

There are, however, many buildings in London less creditable to the skill and taste of the architect than the Chapel in Moorfields; indeed, although there never was such an opportunity for the display of talent in architecture since the great fire of London exercised the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, yet we regret to say, many of our public buildings will do no credit to the present age.

ON CONTENTMENT.

In a world where the smiles and frowns of fortune are so capriciously bestowed, where joy and grief, pleasure and pain, arise in alternate succession, what disposition of mind can be more conducive to happiness than contentment? Possessing this, the peasant of the cottage receives his portion with grateful satisfaction, and the monarch of the palace does no more. A species of equality is thus introduced, which, in some degree, assimilates all classes of men. And, since true felicity depends upon our mental and moral condition, not upon the external advantages of wealth and title, the purse-proud lordling has no greater chance of real happiness than the husbandman who tills his land.

Besides the complacency of mind that springs from habitual contentment, it also ameliorates the heart. It precludes us from drawing those invidious comparisons between our own circumstances and those of others, which rankle in the bosom, and we often produce the worst of passions, envy and hatred. It inspires fortitude; it gives birth to a constant equanimity; it prepares us equally for the soothing influences of joy, and the dispiriting effects of sorrow; and as in the hour of prosperity it is seldom intoxicated with delight, so, in the day of adversity it is never chilled into despair.

Such are the blessings that contentment brings with it. Is it not, then, a matter of surprise and regret that a quality of such practical importance should be confined to so limited a portion of mankind? But, alas! so it is. Few encounter even the common casualties of life without secretly repining. Few can survey the situation of their neighbours without heaving a sigh at the inferiority of their own. This spirit of discontent appears to proceed chiefly from the following causes:

In the first place, from the want of due confidence in the superintending care of Providence, and of due resignation to its decrees.

"Happy the man who sees God employ'd
In all the good and ill that checker life."

To such a being, the distresses that attend his earthly pilgrimage are but as salutary lessons, intended to wean his affections from this transitory world: to admonish him that his present state is a state of probation; that here there is no pleasure without pain, no rose without a thorn. From a thorough conviction of these important truths, he acquires a habit of patience under the pressure of existing misfortune, and his breast be-

comes the abode of calmness and contentment.

Secondly, In gratifying the propensity we feel to contrast our own condition with another's, we generally confine our comparison to those who are greater favourites of fortune than ourselves, and form a judgment respecting them solely from their external and visible appearance. These are both capital errors. There is scarcely an individual who could not, if he would, discover thousands of his fellow-creatures enduring severer privations than himself; thousands to whom his keenest distresses would be "trifles light as air," his least enjoyments almost a Paradise. But even though we limit our views to those who are basking in the sunshine of affluence, were we to reflect that wealth does not necessarily confer happiness, that freedom from pecuniary wants does not imply freedom from the afflictions of the heart; that riches, and honours, and power do but fetter us more firmly to this grovelling world: even then the contemplation of superior possessions would not always excite discontent, nor the absence of outward calamity be an infallible token of inward felicity. In conclusion, then, it may be observed, that a rational reliance on the dispensations of Heaven, with an impartial and comparative survey of our respective situations in life, are the only means of attaining that happiness which invariably results from perfect contentment.

Norwich, Feb. 22, 1825. R. W. B.

SONNET.

(For the Mirror.)

'Tis a wise indolence, in month of June,
Close by some river clear, in shady nook,
To lie in mood serene, with flute or lute,
When Phoebus mid-way stands in Heaven, at noon.

(Like as that angel stood who would not brook
Adam's re-entrance to lost Eden,) the tune
Various of bee and bird to listen, and look
Now vacant here, now there, around, about;
And now upon the pale and jealous moon,
At noon-day watching her light, amorous lord
Closer than chasteness should; then at our
shoon
To mark the merry reveller of the sword,
And though we may not leap as light as he,
Hope at our hearts to live as merrily.

THE VIRGIN'S FIRST LOVE.

(For the Mirror.)

Let praise and accolades make of him a
jest,
And sneer at a heaven-born name;
In the bosom of feeling that passion is blest,
Which none but a lover can name.

And the soft features the sense doth impart.

A flame of all others above;
And O, when it once finds its way to the heart,
How sweet is the *Virgin's first love*.

Warm blushes unnumbered, vermilion the
rosy cheek; and the old world at thy feet

Which ever the object is near;
While something that language, no language can

express, in lovers' confusion appear.

When eyes in soft contact by accident meet,

How true doth the incident prove,

As the heart's quick emotions incessantly beat,

How sweet is the *Virgin's first love*.

The reason may shock the effusions of bliss,

Can it long the sweet transport control?

O, no!—for the charm of a lover's fond kiss,

Concentrates its way in the soul!

There fix'd, if the power of wisdom dehes,

Which reason in vain would remove;

For the bliss of the heart tells too plainly the

eyes.

How sweet is the *Virgin's first love*.

Uroora.

How sweet is the *Virgin's first love*.

Uroora.

How sweet is the *Virgin's first love*.

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and bell-ringing; and to express a hope that he will favour your readers with a continuation of his observations, and further account of what I consider the pleasing, musical, and even scientific art of change-ringing, and of the improvements and beauties in the peals and methods which I know have of late years been made.

"In the days of my youth," for I am now old, I was an amateur ringer, (if I may be allowed the term; and, why not, Mr. Editor, as well as an amateur fiddler or singer?) and can still listen with delight at the precise striking or compass kept in a well chosen and beautifully varied peal of changes, as they are frequently performed on several of the excellent bells of the metropolis, which your correspondent has enumerated.

I have often been surprised that on the fine deep-toned bells of Bow church I never heard any thing but that wretched stuff, "called or set changes," which I always attributed to the ignorance merely of the parish ringers, who are paid for jangling and making a noise on the bells on certain city feast days; but on reading what your correspondent says is the true reason why men capable of performing a really fine and highly systematic series of successive changes are prevented from doing so, I am indeed astonished at its absurdity. Nor could I have supposed, that in these days so much ignorance and prejudice could have existed, even in a set of city church-wardens! they even, I think, cast a great slur on Sir Christopher Wren, who did so much to ornament their city, by supposing he would build a steeple, which could not bear the shake of the twelve bells he knew it was to contain; and expose their own folly in fancying the motion of the bells can have a greater or worse effect on the building when moved by the hands of skill and judgment, than by those deficient in both these qualities. As well might the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey or of St. Paul's prefer an ignorant strutting fellow to play their organs, lest the fine scientific fingers of a Grestorex, an Attwood, or a Wesley, might hurt their pipes, or shake the towers of the one, or the dome of the other.

Perhaps, Sir, your correspondent to whom I am appealing, can inform me if the work on the art of change-ringing, called "Clavis Campanologia," written many years since, by (I believe) Blake-more, a native of Shropshire, is now extant, or if there is any other work on the science of a later date, and giving peals composed on newer and better principles. His answer to these queries, and a further

MARY—A SONG.

BY WILLIAM SHORREL.

(For the Mirror.)

How sweet beneath the moon's pale beam

To wander thro' the grove!

How doubly sweet those moments seem

When blest with her I love!

O! in the stillly hour of eve,

My Mary's steps I trace;

She greets me with a tender smile,

Such smiles as beauty grace.

O Mary! by those heavenly eyes,

That rival Luna's light,

My vows of love and constancy

To thee alone I plight!

No power on earth my faithful heart

From thy lov'd form can sever;

All other fair I may forget,

But us to thee, O never!

Nor time—nor absence—can remove

The love that thrills my breast;

Yet would I hear that one sweet word—

Tell me if I am blest!

She presses my hand—her downcast eyes

The tender truth discover;

Who shall th' ecstatic joys depict

That wait on constant lovers?

That wait on constant lovers?

That wait on constant lovers?

That wait on constant lovers?

That wait on constant lovers?

That wait on constant lovers?

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BELL-RINGING—BOW BELLS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As a constant reader and admirer of your excellent little work, I trust you will allow me, through its means, to offer my thanks to your correspondent who signs himself "A Member of the Senior College Society" in a former Number, for his paper on the subject of Bow bells

statement of whatever he may think worth remarking on the art, will, I doubt not, be acceptable to many of your readers, and may be useful to the profession itself; which, noble, healthy, and ancient as it is, I feared was falling into neglect for want of due encouragement and patronage. That two such churches should recently have been built in two such parishes as Mary-la-bonne and Pancras, without a peal of bells in either, is not only indicative of a want of taste in those immediately connected with them, but reflects also what I think amounts nearly to a national disgrace.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
SALOPIENSIS.
Lambeth, Feb. 23, 1825.

ON PSALMODY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE expression of our gratitude to our almighty and eternal Benefactor in songs of praise, is founded, as Dr. Burn observes, in the exordium to his Sermon on Psalmody, "in the nature of man, and consequently is as old as the creation;" but he traces it still higher, for it was, says he, "the employment of heaven before man was made, and will be so after the consummation of all things."

In considering the antiquity of this part of public worship, he has the following observations on the state of Psalmody under the Jewish dispensation:—

"David was a proficient in the knowledge of sounds, and was himself both a performer in the service, and composed the words, which were set to music by his chief musicians. He procured persons skilful in the art, at a royal expense; and gave all possible encouragement to the professors of it. He employed in his service no less than two hundred and fourscore and eight singers and musicians. It is, indeed, a loss to be lamented, that no footsteps of the ancient music are now to be found, whereby we might be enabled to form an adequate comparison between the ancient and modern music."

Dr. Burn remarks, with respect to languages, that the sounds in the Hebrew, above all other languages, correspond with the thing signified; and, that therein it hath the most remarkable

This worthy character is more generally known by his publications as a lawyer, than in the character of a divine, but his selection of the sermons of the English Protestant divines of the last century, with others of his own composition (five in number) may be read with peculiar advantage by all who have a prevailing regard for manly sense, and plain truth, delivered in honest and blunt language.

signatures of the language of nature. Matters of grief are expressed by slow-sounding syllables; of rage, by harsh and difficult pronunciations; and matters of joy gently glide away in sounds of easy and delightful utterance. The expression in the Hebrew which signifieth, *Praise ye the Lord*, has nothing in it of that harshness which these words bear in English; and therefore the modern composers leave it untranslated; I mean, the term *Hallelujah*, which is a kind of *Gloria Patri* in miniature. There seems to be something enchanting in the very sound of it. So free it is from all ruggedness of accent, and plays upon the tongue with such liquid fluency, that when they have once taken it up, they know not how to leave it off. They toss it to and fro, and transuse it through all the variety of melody, catching at every syllable, and every echo of a syllable, until at length, like an expiring taper, (as it were exhausted of its substance,) it languishes, trembles, and dies away.

In this discourse he shews that we are not enjoined, or bound by any human authority, in our obligation to follow the practice of psalm-singing, as an act of Christian worship; but that the practice is allowed, as conducive to edification; and he is an advocate for the expediency of the practice, on the following considerations, viz. That it habituates the people to a love of divine service; that every person approves the work in which he is himself employed; and that it is one of the excellences of our liturgy, that the people have a greater share in the service than hath been allowed in any other established form, or than is practised in any of the Dissenting congregations.

Dr. Burn gives us his observations concerning our conduct, in the execution of this part of our public devotions, which are not only just, but of the most useful tendency:—

"A good life, (says he,) above all other things, is the best handmaid to devotion, and is especially necessary for that branch of it which I have been speaking of. As a mind loaded with oppression is unfit for the triumphs of song, much more so is a conscience burdened with guilt. Alas! what hath he to do with singing, whose portion (unless he repenteth) shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. The voice of distress is always broken and inharmonious. Therefore, that we may sing well, we must live well."

F. R. Y.

THE LEEK.

(For the Mirror.)

Gymry dewion, medd y bardd,

Owsgwn heddyw gein bardd,

Owain gwyrddaf yn yr ardd,

Ar wyl Dewi Sant.

IOAN TROD.

ANY attempt to account for the wearing of the leek by the Welsh on St. David's day, might only add to the leaf of idle conjecture on the subject; suffice it, that common tradition has assigned the origin to a victory obtained over the Saxons, by *Cadwallader* in the sixth century,—wherein the Welshmen, to distinguish themselves from their enemies, and the more readily to know each other, wore leeks.—The practice thus accounted for, is made the more probable from the circumstance of the leek, among other vegetables, having been held sacred by many of the ancient nations, particularly the *Egyptians* and *Phœnicians*, from the last of whom the *British Druids* are supposed to have derived some of their mysteries. Thus a religious idea being attached to the possession of the herb, will account for the preference having been given to it, and not as is generally said, because the battle was fought in or near a field of leeks. The issue of the conflict being in favour of those that had assumed the emblem, would, certainly not, diminish the veneration they might already have for it, and thus it has descended to our time. The leek is called by the Welsh, *ceirin*.

Another version of the tradition gives to St. David the honour of command when this symbol was adopted, and name his festival as the day on which the encounter took place; the real state of the case is probably this:—the first of March is the day of St. David's canonization, and his zeal against the Saxons might be the inducement for considering him as the patron Saint of the Welsh: the emblem of Saxon discomfiture could hardly be exhibited at a better time than his feast.

It has been said that the *sefi*, or, as they are called by the English, *chives*, a herb after the nature of the leek, but smaller, was anciently the Welsh symbol; it is called *sefi-lan-gwyn*, and *ceirin sefi*, and may, certainly, have given place to the leek, from its similitude in name and form.

Yet, after all, the most ancient emblem of the Welsh is the oak; ever held in veneration by the *Druids*, and without

Thus Englished:—

Cambrian's brave, the bard commands,

To wear leeks in glorious bands,

Leeks the greenest in the lands,

Upon Saint David's day.

which, it is probable, not a rite was performed.

Returning to the subject of the leek, the custom of wearing it, is somewhat on the decline. I find, by an old book on geography, that “the king of England, ever on the first of March, wears a leek in honour of his Welsh subjects;” a form I expect some time since forgotten; however, until these few years the Prince of Wales always attended to this, perhaps, necessary piece of policy.

Shakespeare has introduced the leek in his play of Henry V., where Fluellen (for *Llewelyn*) triumphantly makes Pistol act his, because he had made game of it. He also speaks of the origin through *Fluellen*: “the Welshmen did good service where leeks did grow, wearing them in their Monmouth caps;” and afterwards he calls it through Gower, “an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour.”

The celebrated patron of Foote, Cadwaladr Apreece, Esq. once seeing this play acted, astonished the audience by bursting into the most extravagant joy at the scene of the leek triumphant.

GWILYM SAIS.

Caer Ludd, Feb. 21, 1825.

GRAVITATION OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

(For the Mirror.)

By the universal law of gravity, all bodies are compelled to approach the centre. A stone thrown above the earth, descends with an accelerated force to the earth again, by the impulse of gravity, because all matter gravitates towards all matter.

It is owing to this great power, accompanied with a projectile motion, that the earth and all the planetary globes are suspended in infinite space, and preserved in an unalterable course. This may be explained by a stone jerked round in a sling by the motion of the hand in the following manner:—

The first motion communicated to the stone by the hand is projectile, viz. endeavouring to describe a straight line and fly from the string; but the hand obstructing that motion, by holding the string it endeavours to approach the hand, it being the axis of impulse; consequently, by the union of these two forces, it is obliged to describe a circle, which is called a centrifugal force.

The motion of the planets in their orbits arises from the same principles, demonstrated by Sir Isaac Newton; who conjectures the heavenly bodies received

at the beginning, an inconceivable projectile motion by the hand of the almighty. The sun, the body of system, being impressed at the same time with the laws of gravity, acts upon them by his power of attraction, similar to the hand holding the string, which keeps them from moving in a straight line, that would carry them from amongst the fixed stars. They, therefore, obey according to the laws of nature—these two motions—in proportion to their forces; consequently, they describe a circular orbit rather elliptical, as the projectile force is greater than the centrifugal. Thus the harmony of the universe is admirably upheld, and the heavenly bodies prescribed to bounds they cannot pass! Each one performing their periodical revolutions round their centre.

JEAN.

EPITAPHS, &c.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In the parish church of the village of Colnworth, Beds, is a very magnificent monument, erected in 1641, by Lady Dyer, in memory of her deceased husband, Sir William Dyer, Knight, upon which are inscribed the following quaint lines:

"My dearest dust, could not thy hasty
flay

Afford thy dewy patience leave to stay
One hour longer, so that we might either
Have sat up or gone to bed together?
But since thy finished labour hath pos-

sed
Thy weary limbs with early rest,
Thy well-belov'd and ever faithful bride,
Shall soon repose her by thy slumbering
side;

Whose business now is only to prepare
My nightly dress, and call to prayer.

Miner eyes wax heavy, and the day grows
old;

The dew falls thick; my blood grows
cold—

Draw, draw the closed curtains, and make
room,

My dear, my dearest dust, I come, I
come!

Is the church of Flitton, in Bedfordshire,
is the following:—To the memory of Tho-

mas Hill, who was Receiver General to
the Earl of Kent, and died 26th of May,
1601, aged one hundred and one

"Aske how he lived, and you shall know
his end;

He died a saint to God, to poore a friende.

These lines, men know, do truly of him
story,
Whom God hath called, and seated now
in glory."

THE following beautiful epitaph was
written by Ben Jonson, upon the cele-
brated Mary, Countess of Pembroke:—

"Underneath this marble hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother—
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Fair and wise and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee."

In the chancel of Iaten church, Beds,
was formerly the following inscription:—

"Jesus Christ, most of myght,
Have mercy on "John de Wenlock,
Knight,

And on his wife, Elizabeth,
Who out of this world is past by death,
Which founded this chapel here;
Help them by your hearty prayer,
That they may come to that place
Where ever is joy and solace."

In the same church, the following imper-
fect inscription appears on a tomb, sup-
posed to be that of William Wenlock,
prebendary of Brownswood, in the Cath-
edral church of Saint Paul, and master of
the hospital of Fartleigh, who died 1352:

"In Wenlock brad I—
In this town lordships had I;
Her am I now fady—
Christes moder help me lady.
Under thes stones
For a tyme schal I reste my bones,
Dey mot I ned ones,
Myghtful God grant me thy woties."

On a head-stone, in the church yard of
Soham, Cambridgehire, is the following
epitaph:—

"Anno Domini, 1641;
Ætatis sue 125.

"Here lies Doctor Ward, whom
You knew well before;

He was kind to his neighbours,
Good to the poore."

* John de Wenlock, was created Baron Wen-
lock in 1661.

The Selector.

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY
—THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

SATURDAY the 1st of December, 1804,
was the day distinguished by the first

performance in town of the young *Roscus*. As early as one o'clock the crowd began to assemble about Covent Garden theatre, filling the piazzas on one side of the house, and Bow Street on the other; at the proper time all the popular arts were practised to obtain admission. The utmost danger was apprehended, because those, who had ascertained that it was quite impossible for them to get in, by the dreadful pressure behind them, could not get back. At length, they themselves called for the soldiers, who, with their usual temper and firmness, soon cleared the fronts of the entrances, and then posting themselves properly, lined the passages, permitting any one to return, but none to enter. The pit was half filled by gentlemen who had sprung down from the boxes. The actual occupiers of the boxes by force retained them against the owners of the places, and the police officers, who attempted to be their ushers. All that the gallantry of the men would permit, was allowing ladies, in some cases, to occupy the front seat, while the remainder of the box was held by the strongest of all rights—possession.

The play was Dr. Brown's *Barbarossa*; a very good and spirited imitation of the *Merops* of Voltaire, in which Garrick had formerly acted *Achmet* to the tyrant of *Messop*. On the present occasion the cast was as follows:—

<i>Barbarossa</i>	Mr. Hargrave,
<i>Achmet</i> , (<i>Selim</i>)	Master Betty,
<i>Othman</i>	Mr. Murray,
<i>Sadi</i>	Cresswell,
<i>Aladin</i>	Cory,
<i>Zaphira</i>	Mrs. Litchfield,
<i>Irene</i>	H. Siddons.

An occasional address was intended, and Mr. C. Kemble attempted to speak it, but they would not have heard even the address of Dr. Johnson, unless Master Betty himself had delivered it; and this notion, Heaven knows how, I found of some quantity of barren spectators. The play proceeded through the first act with a tempest rather stronger than that which announces the first appearance of a pantomime.

At length *Barbarossa* ordered *Achmet* to be brought before him; "attention held them mute;" not even a whisper could be heard, till the highly honoured object of their curiosity stood in their presence. (What a moment for a youthful heart—and ambitious of fame too!—F. C. N.) Upon the thunder of applause that ensued he was not "much moved"—he bowed very respectfully, but, with *amazing self-possession*, in a few moments turned him to his work, with the intelligence of a

veteran; and the youthful passion that alone could have accomplished a task so arduous.

As a slave, he wore white-linen pantaloons, a close and rather short russet jacket, trimmed with sable, and a turban hat.

What first struck me was, that his voice had considerable power, and a depth of tone beyond his apparent age; at the same time it appeared *heavy* and *unvaried*. His great fault grew out of the want of careful tuition in the outset. In the provincial way, he dismissed the *aspirate*; and, in closing syllables, ending in *u*, or *n*, he converted the vowel frequently into *e*, and sometimes more barbarously still, into *u*. Whether he obtained this from careless speakers in Ireland or England, I cannot be sure; but this inaccuracy I remember to have sometimes heard even from Miss O'Neill.

He was sometimes too rapid to be distinct, and at others too noisy for any thing but rant. I found no peculiarities that denoted minute and happy studies. He spoke the speeches as I had always heard them spoken, and was therefore only not wrong where he laid vehement emphasis. The wonder was how any boy, who had just completed his thirteenth year, could catch *passion*, *meaning*, *cadence*, *action*, *expression*, and the discipline of the stage, in ten very different and arduous characters, so as to give the kind of pleasure in them, that needed no *intelligence*, and which, from that very circumstance, heightened satisfaction into enthusiasm.

His admirers made him their Divinity!—when he was ill, he had all the beauties of England at his door, and a *bulletin* announced the degrees of his convalescence to a fevered and impatient public.

The patentees of Covent Garden theatre had hoped to keep him to themselves; but these seemed, in an engagement for a certain number of nights, no reason why he should not be at liberty to dispose, as his parents judged fit, of the remainder of his time. They would naturally husband his powers as much as was consistent with that first law in the exhibition of such ventures, namely, "so take the current while it served." This, I believe, was done; and in his youth an ample fortune secured for his maturity.

Covent Garden theatre was not quite so large as the Apollo, Drury; I therefore, in citing his receipts for twenty-eight nights at the latter, show the utmost force of his attraction. I give, accurately, both first and second accounts, that so curious a

This word Mr. Boden is very fond of applying to Mr. Kemble's manner of acting.

F. C. N.

detail may be publicly known. For his and fifty guineas, and after that one hundred first three nights he received one hundred and fifty guineas nightly!

Master Betty's night, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Seasons 1804-5.

1804. Day.	Play.	Farce.	First Account.		Second Account.		Total.	
			£.	s. d.	£.	s. d.	£.	s. d.
Dec. 10. Mon.	Douglas.	Citizen.	662	8 6	43	19 6	706	8 0
13. Thurs. Do.		Of Age To-morrow.	720	2 0	31	17 6	751	19 6
15. Satur.	Barbarossa.	Spoiled Child.	584	19 6	39	7 0	618	6 6
1805.								
Feb. 13. Wed.	Douglas.	Deserter.	673	7 6	46	10 6	719	18 0
15. Frid.	Barbarossa.	High Life Below Stairs.	558	7 0	46	7 6	604	14 6
19. Tuesd.	Lovers' Vows.	Citizen.	571	16 6	44	5 0	616	1 6
21. Thurs.	Douglas.	Bon Ton.	652	3 6	36	13 6	688	17 0
23. Satur.	Tancred.	Apprentice.	557	10 0	48	12 0	606	2 0
25. Tuesd. Do.		Bon Ton.	569	14 0	48	18 6	618	12 6
27. Thurs.	Lovers' Vows.	Wedding Day.	565	18 6	46	6 0	612	4 6
Mar. 2. Satur.	Douglas.	Devil to Pay.	605	13 0	41	8 0	647	1 0
4. Mon.	Rompo.	Irishman in London.	466	8 6	55	10 6	521	19 0
7. Thurs. Do.		Devil to Pay.	614	11 0	48	17 6	663	8 6
9. Satur.	Douglas.	Of Age To-morrow.	626	16 6	43	11 0	670	7 6
11. Mon.	Barbarossa.	Anatomist.	553	3 6	50	13 6	603	17 0
13. Satur.	Hamlet.	Lying Valet.	580	7 6	40	17 6	621	5 0
15. Mon.	Do.	Two Str. to your Bow.	482	15 6	45	9 0	528	4 6
21. Thurs.	Douglas.	Citizen.	568	18 6	48	8 0	617	6 6
23. Satur.	Hamlet.	Who's the Dupe.	565	19 0	46	6 6	612	5 6
25. Mon.	Rompo.	Virgin Unmask'd.	475	14 0	57	16 0	533	10 0
27. Thurs.	Douglas.	Devil to Pay.	628	15 0	41	0 6	669	15 6
30. Satur.	Hamlet.	Doctor & Apothecary.	511	10 0	44	16 6	556	6 6
April 1. Mon.	Douglas.	Bon Ton.	445	14 0	59	14 6	505	8 6
4. Thurs.	Hamlet.	Liar.	560	17 6	42	14 0	603	11 6
6. Satur.	Barbarossa.	Cœur de Lion.	535	12 0	45	7 6	580	19 6
10. Tuesd.	Hamlet.	Spoiled Child.	531	15 6	43	10 6	575	9 0
13. Thurs.	Douglas.	Citizen.	586	6 0	44	17 0	631	3 0
22. Mon.	Do.	Of Age To-morrow.	462	16 6	62	12 6	525	9 0

Twenty-eight nights, in his first Town season, produced £17,210 11 0

Nightly average £614 13 3

Of part of this amazing influx the proprietors made the best possible use.

At Michaelmas, 1804, they owed the Duke of Bedford £ s. d.
for rent 2,296 16 11

They paid it all up; and the half-year to Lady-day, 1805, 858 18 3
£3,155 15 2

Thus the reader has seen, in the accurate detail of the treasurer, that the sum taken by the house on his eight and twenty performances, was to the astonishing amount of 17,210*l.* 11*s.* sterling money; and that this gives an average receipt, nightly, of 614*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* That the treasury paid him for these services no less than 2,782*l.* 10*s.*, being

3 nights at 50 guineas..... 157 10

25 Do. 100 do. 2,625 0

£2,782 10!!!

This is independent of his benefits, which were *all free*, and of which he had four in the season; and these, with presents, must have been each worth one thousand guineas to him.

In the mean time, all the favoritism, and more than the favouritism of former patronesses was lavished upon him. He might have chosen, among our titled dames, the carriage he would honour with his person. The arts strove to perpetuate his countenance and his figure! Opie painted him on the Crumphan Hill, as the shepherd Norval; Northcote exhibited him in a Vandyke costume, retreating from the altar of Shakespeare, as having borne thence, not stolen Argus's shadow.

Heath engraved the latter picture, which the father published himself; and inscribed to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence, a decided patron of the stage. Amidst all this agitation, all this desperate folly,

be it one consolation to his nature self, that he never lost the genuine modesty of his carriage, and that his temper at least was as steady as his diligence.

Boaden's Life of J. P. Kemble.

F. C. N.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

If any one wish to know what manner of man he was, or what worship he had, or of how many lands he was the lord, we will describe him as we have known him: for we looked on him, and some while lived in his herd. King William was a very wise man, and very rich; more worshipful and strong than any of his forefathers: he was mild to good men, who loved God; and stark, beyond all bounds, to those who withstood his will. On the very settle, where God gave him to win England, he reared a noble monastery, and set monks therein, and endowed it well. He was very worshipful. Thrice he bore his king-helmet every year, when he was in England; at Easter he bore it at Winchester; at Pentecost, at Westminster; and in mid-winter, at Gloucester. And then were with him all the rich men over England; archbishops, and diocesan bishops, abbots and earls, thanes and knights. Moreover he was a very stark man, and very savage, so that no man durst do any thing against his will: he had earls in his bonds, who had done against his will; bishops he set off their bishopricks, abbots off their abbottries, and thanes in prisons; and at last he did not spare his own brother, Odo; him he set in prison. Yet, among other things, we must not forget the good frith* which he made in this land; so that a man, that was good for aught, might travel over the kingdom, with his bosom full of gold, without molestation; and no man durst slay another man, though he had suffered never so mickle evil from the other. He ruled over England; and by his cunning, he was so thoroughly acquainted with it, that there is not a hide of land, of which he did not know, both who had it and what it was worth; and that he set down in his writings. Wales was under his wield, and therein he wrought castles; and he wielded the Isle of Man withal: moreover he subdued Scotland by his mickle strength. Normandy was his by kinn; and over the earldom, called Mans, he ruled; and if he might have lived yet two years, he would have won Ireland by the same of his power, and without any

* Frith was the king's peace or protection, and the violation thereof subjected the offender to a heavy fine.

armament: yet truly in his time men had mickle suffering, and very many hardships. Castles he caused to be wrought, and poor men to be oppressed. He was so very stark, he took from his subjects many marks of gold, and many hundred pounds of silver; and that he took, some by right, and some by mickle might, for very little need. He had fallen into avarice, and greediness he loved withal. He let his lands to fine as dear as he could; then came some other, and bade more than the first had given, and the king let it to him who bade more: then came a third, and bid yet more, and the king let it into the hands of the man who bade the most. Nor did he seek how sinfully his reeves got money of poor men, or how many unlawful things they did; for the more men talked of right law, the more they did against the law. He also set many deer friths,† and he made laws therewith, that whosoever should slay hart or hind, him man should blind. As he forbade the slaying of harts, so also did he of boars; so much he loved the high deer, as if he had been their father. He also decreed about hares, that they should go free. His rich men murmured, and the poor men murmured; but he was so hard that he recked not the hatred of them all; for it was need they should follow the king's will withal, if they wished to live, or to have lands, or goods, or his favour. Alas, that any man should be so moody, and should so puff up himself, and think himself above all other men! May almighty God have mercy on his soul, and grant him forgiveness of his sins.—*Saxon Chronicle.*

† Deer Friths were forests in which the deer were under the king's frith or protection.

WILLIAM AND ELIZA.*

From "Lines written for the benefit of the Inhabitants of the Island of Portland."

'Twas in a deep retiring vale, and meet
For rural pleasure's calm and safe retreat,
The fair Eliza lived—of humblest birth—
No fleeting dream of grandeur check'd her
mirth;

But as she laugh'd and sung, to all unknown,
She deem'd life's brightest joys were all her
own.

Oft as she wander'd by the hill's green side,
She'd ask her parent if o'er oceans tide
He e'er had seen a vale so fair, so wide,

It is rarely that we owe a critical opinion on the merits of any work; we cannot, however, but recommend this poem, not only on account of its merits, but for the benevolence it has in view, that of aiding the subscription in behalf of the inhabitants of the Isle of Portland who suffered during the late storm. We trust the appeal it makes to British charity will be answered by a liberal subscription.

For ever his eyes had mark'd a clearer rill,
More flowery meadows, or a prettier mill;
And as he told of France or far Peru,
She'd smile, half doubting if the tale were true.

Thus as she sported 'mong her own wild
flowers,

And calm content led on youth's stiken hours,
Time slept not in his course,—but there she
stood

In all the pride of perfect womanhood;
While many a peasant group that saw her there,
Prayed Heaven no frost might chill a flower so
fair.

And now, her heart's own choice, young Wil-
liam, led

The blushing maiden to the bridal bed,
And all was sweetest love—not such as some
Call love, where, pillow'd 'neath the glided
dome,

The lonely consort, on the couch of sleep,
Is left a husband's faithless vows to weep.
Ah! no—the love their faithful bosoms knew
Was that of our first parents, pure and true!

And thus months, years roll'd on—one beau-
teous boy,
And one fair girl, her mother's darling joy,
The nights of Hymen bleas'd.

But now had come
The day her William was to quit his home
And tempt the billowy deep; for he had heard
Her father talk of ocean, and prefer'd
A sailor's busy life, e'en though removed
For many a dreary month from her he loved.
He's gone—the vessel speeds—no tear was
shed.

But as around the surging ocean spread,
As in a brief embrace her hand he prest,
One sigh, one struggling sigh, her grief con-
fess'd.

Calm was the dawning day, but ere the night
Had own'd the glory of the moon's pale light,
The rising tempest came—but who can find
Words to express that tempest of her mind,
Who but a few brief days ago was seen
The happiest wife upon the village green,
And now perchance the saddest!

The wild blast,
Its fury spent, had ceased—the storm had pass'd
But not its agents—many a heavy cloud
Spread o'er the cold wan moon its vapoury
shroud.

While many a sudden squall that hurried by
Seem'd to foretell her sailor's destiny.
For, little heedful of her own frail form,
Soon as had pass'd the zenith of the storm,
With but her children, one in either hand
Led on, she'd left her cottage for the strand,
Where in the breeze of yester's orient day
She saw her William's parting streamers play:
Quick, quick, she hasten'd on, nor mark'd the
rill

A river now,—nor e'en her favourite mill—
A meeting ruin, other thoughts were now
Upon her soul, and darken'd o'er her brow.
For few already—of dark fancy bred—
Had shown her shipwreck'd sailor cold and
dead.

"There will he lie or ere the sands I reach,
A stiffen'd corse, upon the pebbly beach.
Oh! had we both but sailed, we then had
slept

In peace together there," she said, and wept.
"Yet no—my children!—Heaven forbid!—'tis
o'er—"

I hear—I hear the murderous ocean roar!
See! yes, it is the bay—what sudden fear!
Thus holds me back—I must, I will draw
near;

Am I a sailor's wife, and dread the spray
The sailor loves? vain fears, away, away!

Thus spoke the wife, the mother, as she drew
Near Weymouth's crescent shore; the night-
winds blew

Hollow and sad, while o'er the surly rock
The sullen wave in heavier surges broke:
When, lo! a drifted boat, with sail and oar,
She saw at distance on the expanding shore!
She gain'd the wreck—a lurking cloud o'ercast
The moon—she nearer drew—the hollow blast
Swept by—the dark cloud parted—Heavens!
what sight

Met her fix'd eye, as, all unper'd, with light
And trembling hand she slow uprais'd the
sail!—

It was her own lost William—cold and pale
Upon the shore he lay!

Ye who have known
What 'tis affection's mystic cares to own,
To you I speak—Oh! say what feelings then
Heav'd her fond breast!—again she look'd—
again

Dropt the wet sail, and then again, as if
'Twere but the phantom of her frenzied grief,
Gaz'd on his face once more.

No tear fell now,
Dry was her eye, and hectic was her brow,
But there she sat—her young Eliza kept
An awful silence; she alone had wept—
Alone had power to weep;—the boy, he stood
Fearless and frowning on the angry flood,
As if he thought, poor child! the affrighted
main
Would give his parted parent life again.
Yes—there all faint beside that fearful wreck,
Her head upon that weeping orphan's neck,
She sat; no inward groan, no sound to tell
If life or death were there; a fatal spell
Had turn'd her form to marble!

William kneel'd
Upon the weedy sand, and as he felt,
Unconscious felt, life's vital current play
Painter and fainter as it ebb'd away.
A sudden flush her pallid brow came o'er,
One sigh was heard—she too was now no more!

COFFEE.

THE first notice which occurs of Coffee
was to be found, before the Revolution,
in an Arabian MSS. in the Royal Library
at Paris (944), written by Schchabeddin
Ben, as late as the sixteenth century.
This author states, that Gernakeddin,
Mufti of Aden, a city of Arabia Felix

(who lived not long before his own time), learned the use of coffee from some of his countrymen, while travelling in Persia; and having found much benefit from it, on his return home he recommended it to the Dervises as a certain means of preventing drowsiness, and keeping them awake during their nightly religious exercises.

Though the plant is a native of Arabia, its properties had not been known there before the time of Gemaleddin; but his patronage rapidly extended the use of the enticing beverage derived from it. From Aden it passed to Mecca, thence to Medina, and so onward to Grand Cairo. It was not long appropriated to religious purposes only, but it became the favourite drink of the idle and luxurious, as well as of the devout and the studious. Two private persons, Sehem and Hekin, one coming from Damascus, the other from Aleppo, each opened a coffee-house in Constantinople, and sold the liquor in rooms, which were rendered otherwise attractive by accommodation for chess, games of chance, and various similar amusements.

In the same proportion that the coffee-houses were thronged the mosques became deserted, and the priests represented that no doubt the new drink was forbidden by the Koran, for that the roasted berry was certainly a kind of coal, and that all coals were food prohibited by the Prophet's law. The Mufti, on a petition to this effect, without hesitation, decided that coffee was coal; nevertheless, in spite of frequent enactments against it, the people continued to drink it. The exertions of the police were ineffectual, and the government at length was contented to restrain it only by rigid sumptuary laws. Coffee was taxed, and it was allowed to be drunk in secret.

But another Mufti arose, of a less anti-philogistic turn; and he pronounced that coffee was not coal. All ranks, even the religious themselves, assumed the *dictum* as a license to drink coffee, and the Grand Vizier profited by the fashion to raise a considerable tax.

Mr. Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant, enjoys the reputation of having made coffee practically known in England. On his return from the East in 1657, he brought with him a Ragusan Greek servant, Pasqua Rosee, who was eminently skilled in the mysteries of this decoction, which he prepared every morning. The novelty at length drew so great a resort to the house of Mr. Edwards, that this unlucky merchant lost all the forepart of the day, and in self-defence he at length permitted the Greek, in partnership with

the coachman of his son-in-law, to set up a coffee-house in St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill. This was the first coffee-house in London. A second soon arose out of it, for the parties quarrelled, and the coachman established himself separately in St. Michael's-church-yard. Pasqua Rosee's original advertisement may still be seen in the British Museum. It is on a single half-sheet, and is headed, *The virtues of the coffee-drink first publickly made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee; made and sold in St. Michael's-alley, in Cornhill, by P. R. at the signe of his own head.* Among the other excellences claimed for coffee by this bill, is one which we have not seen asserted elsewhere, "it is very good to prevent miscarriages in childbearing women." The directions for drinking it are as follows: That about half a pint be taken at a time, the person who swallows it not being permitted to eat for either an hour before or an hour after his draught. It is to be drunk as hot as possible; and it is added, as a recommendation, "the which will never fetch the skin off the mouth, or raise any blister by reason of that heat."

Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

DINING AT SEA IN ROUGH WEATHER.

THE ship's company often reap much amusement from the little accidents, the ridiculous tumbles, and the strange postures which the passengers are thrown into by the unsteady motion of the vessel; indeed, we now feel so little alarm during a gale, that we sometimes disregard its perils, and join in their smiles and jokes at the ludicrous occurrences which happen among ourselves. Hogarth might have feasted upon them. In the confusion of motion, caused by the heavy seas, if we attempt to walk, we *fetch away*, and are tossed to the farthest side of the cabin, in all the odd and uncommon figures that can be imagined, and often before we can regain our legs, the ship yields to another wave, and we are tumbled in the most ludicrous manner to the opposite side, kicking, struggling, or crawling, amidst a confusion of moving chairs, stools, boxes, and other furniture. Our dinner ceremony is often rendered a humorous scene: at this hour the cabin being the general rendezvous of the party, we must crawl, trembling, towards the table, and tie ourselves in the chairs. A tray is set before us, with deep holes cut in it for the dishes, plates, and glasses; the table and chairs are lashed to the deck; yet one or other frequently gives way, and upsets half the things in the cabin! Presently

enters the steward with soup, followed by his little slave with potatoes, and the servants with such other covers as there may chance to be. But scarcely are the things upon the table, and the servants stationed, clinging to the backs of our chairs, before a sudden lurch of the ship tumbles all into disorder. Away go steward, servants, and little Mungo, to the lee corner of the cabin; the soup salutes the lap of one of us; another receives a leg of pork; a third is presented with a piece of mutton or beef; a couple of chickens or ducks fly to another; the pudding jumps nearly into the mouth of the next; and the potatoes are tossed in all directions about the deck of the cabin. One saves his plate; another stops his knife and fork; some cling to the cable, thinking only of saving their persons; one secures the bottle; another, half fallen, holds up his glass in one hand, and fixes himself fast to his chair with the other. Chaos is renewed! Every thing is in motion; every thing is in disorder and confusion. At the next roll of the ship, the servants, staring with amazement, again *flee* away, and, with extended arms, are tossed to the opposite side of the cabin, where they cling fast, and remain fixed as statues, afraid again to move; and although we are lashed in the chair ourselves, it is with some difficulty we can maintain our seats. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, and glasses clatter together in all the discord of the moment; the steward and his boy, crawling upon their hands and knees after the dancing potatoes, the flying fowls, or walking joints, are rolled over and over at our feet; and all is disorder and confusion. The ship now becomes steady for a moment; the scattered parts of the dinner are collected; and those who have escaped sickness again attempt to eat. Some foreseeing all these accidents, fix themselves in a corner upon the cabin-deck, and take the plate between their knees, fancying themselves in security; but quickly they are tumbled, in ridiculous postures, to the other side of the cabin, sprawling with outstretched limbs, like frightened crabs. Some, having no calls of appetite, join not in the feast, but lie swinging up and down in their cots or hammocks; others remain rolling from side to side in their births; some cry out with sore bruises; some from being wetted with the sprays; one calls for help; another relieves his stomach from sickness; while others, lamenting only their dinner, loudly bewail the soup, the meat, and the pudding; some abuse the boatswain, others the ship, and others the sea; while all join in a chorus of imprecations upon the wind. *Pinchard's Notes.*

SPIRIT OF THE

Public Journals.

OLD LONDON.

"I was passing, said Khidr, a populous city, and I asked one of the inhabitants, 'How long has this city been built?' but he said, 'this is an ancient city, we know not at what time it was built, neither we nor our fathers.' Then I passed by, after five hundred years, and not a trace of the city was to be seen; but I found a man gathering herbs, and I asked, 'How long has this city been destroyed?' but he said, 'The country has always been thus.' And I said, 'But there was a city here.' Then he said, 'We have seen no city here, nor have we heard of such from our fathers.' After five hundred years, I again passed that way, and found a lake, and met there a company of fishermen, and asked them, 'When did this land become a lake?' and they said, 'How can a man like you ask such a question? the place was never other than it is.' But heretofore, said I, 'it was dry land;' and they said, 'We never saw it so, nor heard it from our fathers.' Then again, after five hundred years, I returned, and behold! the lake was dried up; and I met a solitary man, and said to him, 'When did this spot become dry land?' and he said, 'It was always thus.' But formerly, I said, 'it was a lake;' and he said, 'We never saw it nor heard of it before.' And five hundred years afterwards I again passed by, and again found a populous and beautiful city, and finer than I had at first seen it; and I asked of one of the inhabitants, 'When was this city built?' and he said, 'Truly, it is an ancient place, we know not the date of its building, neither we nor our fathers.' Translation of an Extract from Kaswin the Arabian Naturalist, in De Saigy's *Chrestomathie Arabe*, vol. iii. p. 477. In some Saint Leon or Wandeling Jew, doomed a few thousand years ago to perpetual life, were to record the mutations of the site on which London now stands, we should doubtless perceive changes little less complete, although less imposing, than those described by the oriental naturalist. But without the assistance of such an awfully long-lived as the veracious Khidr, we will endeavour to exhibit a few of the changes which have happened to the city from which we derive our name. We shall not, however, have occasion to go beyond our five hundred years to discover that hardly a

vestige of its ancient lineaments remains. The wall and broad ditch which belted it about, and the gardens and pleasure-grounds which ornamented its suburbs, have disappeared—the rivers which flowed through its streets have been all drunk up—the citizen can no longer enjoy a rural walk to Clerkenwell or the Mile's End—the precincts of the city are deserted by the nobility, whose trains once thronged its streets—and the merchants and traders, who grow warm in its bosom, are glad to escape from its smoke. But we are not going to cant over "the good old times;" for we had, spite of the asseverations of our ancient sires and grand-aunts, rather view them through the perspective of five hundred years, and describe their peculiarities, than have lived within the sphere of their blessed influence. Let it not be supposed, however, that it is our intention to treat our readers with a wearisome "Walk round London;" we have no wish to employ any Jacob's ladder to mount, or any Jacob's staff to measure, its churches and monasteries, its battlements and towers of strength.

If we look, then, some five centuries back, we shall find that the covering of the ground has been almost entirely changed—that nearly all the old buildings have been succeeded by new, except the Tower, which seems, indeed, like the fortress in which Time has ensconced himself against that innovation whereto he has subjected all its vicinage: we seek in vain for the palaces and mansions of Old London; Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where Richard II. and his mother lodged in the time of their trouble, retains no trace of regality but its name; Petty Wales, in Tharvestreet, the inn or lodging of the princes of that portion of the island, bears at present a more apt correspondence with its name; the Treasure of the Eastern Ind now lead the site of Northumberland House, which formerly loaded it over the southern side of Fenchurch-street; Desper's Hall has arisen from the ashes of the spacious mansion of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex,* Stationers'

A curious anecdote is related by Stow, of this personage's regardlessness of the law of man and beast. "This house being finished," says he, "and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he caused the pales of the garden adjoining to the north part thereof to be taken down, 22 feet to be measured forthright into the north of every man's ground, a line there to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and a high brick wall to be builded. My father had a house there, and there was a house standing close to his south part: this noise they heard from the ground and bare upon rowlers into my father's garden

Hall on the site of Pomfret Inn, afterwards called Abergavenny House; and Little Britain has become less since the Earls of Britain lived there. Warwick-lane, in which stood the Earl of Warwick's house, is now a continuous butchery, an appropriation possibly suggested by the custom in that noble family's household of frequently devouring six oxen to breakfast; or it may be from the famous Guy, who so skilfully performed the function of a butcher in slaying the terrible Dun Cow. The City Manakin House has succeeded the Stocks Market, the great emporium for fish and flesh; and the little cottage in which the public business of the city was transacted previously to 1400, has grown into the Guildhall.

But if trade has seized on the situations which fashion deserted, trade itself has had its migrations. The grass or herb market is no longer confined to Gracechurch or Grass-street; the chief, if not the only corn-merchant on the Cornhill, is the very erudite chirographer; he who makes the lame to walk and the pained foot to dance for joy, the small shoe physician, the sole surgeon and king of corns; Birch-lane is denuded of drapery and drapers—the Poultry is no longer kept warm by its continental neighbours, the peppercorns of Back-lane-bury; the noble army of quadrupedal martyrs no longer smokes daily along the whole line of East Cheap, once the seat of good cheer and the scene of immortal revelling; in Bread-street formerly the only market for the staff of life, we do not know that there is a single baker; the bullion of Lombard-street is by a facile sort of alchymy turned into paper; and the merchants, instead of meeting twice a-day at that ancient bourse, now hardly congregate once on the Royal Exchange.** Where do we find that too civil out-door solicitation to spend our money, which was formerly practised by all tradesmen who thought to thrive, but in Moorfields, where to be sure a man is 22 feet ere my father heard the noise, no warning was given him, nor other answer (when he replied to the surveyors of that work) but that these master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do; no man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his head. Thus much, adds the antiquary, "of mine own knowledge have I thought good to note, that the sudden rising of some men caneth them to forget themselves."

I so called from their having been stocks there.

This wight dwelt in Lombard-street, formerly part of Cornhill.

Grocers, vociferated and to surround a man.

** The Old Change was merely for the inscription and coining of the king's bullion.

still a negative pregnant of a fresh institution?

Ships were not always confined below London bridge, but rode gallantly through the drawbridge at the end of it to Queen-bitch, formerly the chief mart for landing goods, a privilege which it first divided with Billingsgate, and afterwards, on the destruction of the drawbridge in 1553, lost altogether. It is a singular fact, that in 1114, the water was so dried up between the Tower and London Bridge, that not only men on horseback, but women and children, waded over the river on foot.

Not is the alteration in the general aspect and size of the city less remarkable than in these minor particulars. The city itself, that is, so much as was enclosed by the wall, was of no great compass; this wall was in the form of a bow, the Thames forming the string, and was exclusive of the part adjoining the river, only about two miles and two hundred yards in length. It appears to have been built at a very early period. Fitz Stephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., remarks that "the wall was high and great, well towered on the north side with due distance between the towers;" and that "on the south side also the city was walled and towered, but the faithful river of Thames had long since subverted them." At this period, the city wall commenced from the White Tower in the East; but towards the close of the twelfth century it was broken down at that point for the purpose of the Tower being surrounded by a wall and ditch, a measure which was occasioned by the dissensions excited by Prince, afterwards King John. At a place still called the Iron Gate, stood a wall belonging to the Hospital of St. Katherine; and a little to the north, was a garden belonging to the same hospital, rented by the king at six marks or 2*l.* a year; both of which were required for the purposes of the Tower ditch. Our pious informer is greatly scandalized that no compensation was made to the poor brethren of St. Katherine's for this appropriation of their property; but the poor brethren, like most objects of superstitious or charitable bounty, had the faculty of long memories, and after one hundred and forty years' penance, obtained an indemnification for the loss of their ground. Tower Hill, to which the garden adjoined, was without the walls, and was occupied by noblemen's houses and gardens, and the northern part by a nunnery of the order of St. Clare, who had a farm there, and from whom the street was subsequently called the Minories. After the construc-

tion of the Tower ditch, the city wall commenced at the postern adjoining it on the north-west part, and proceeded thence along the east side of Trinity-square up to Aldgate. From this gate, without the walls, commenced Portoken Ward or Knighten Guild, so named from its having been granted to thirteen knights, on condition of certain knightly achievements which they very manfully performed; and just within the gate stood the church of the Holy Trinity, founded in the time of Henry I., who made a grant to that foundation of the Knighten Guild, in right of which, the prior of the church was admitted an alderman of the city, sat in the court, and accompanied the civic processions robed like the rest of the aldermen. On the dissolution of this priory, it was granted to Thomas, Lord Audley, who converted it into a mansion, and dwelt there during his life; after his death it became the property of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, by marriage with the Lord Audley's daughter, and thence received the name of Duke's-place; that name it still retains, but it has undergone a singular change in the use to which it is applied, and in the character of its inhabitants; from being the tripod of the Holy Trinity, it has become the succum of the High Priest of the Hebrews, and the retreat of Judaism.

From Aldgate, the wall ran on the west side of Houndsditch to Bishopsgate church. Houndsditch, the derivation of which is obvious enough, was originally applied to the whole of the city ditch; the part which still retains the name had then only a few detached cottages on its banks, inhabited by bed-ridden people, who were placed on beds in low windows that they might catch the eye of ambulatory charity, for it was then the custom of charitable persons of both sexes to lay up a store in heaven, by repairing to Houndsditch every Friday for the purpose of bestowing alms. On the east side of it was a fair field much frequented by the citizens for exercise and recreation. This street afterwards became the rookery of what were called usurers, and is now nearly all one large clothes warehouse. From Bishopsgate church the wall extended on the inside of Moorfields, a marsh which, when frozen, was the scene of many brutal feats, to Cripple-gate, so named from the many beggars who there solicited charity; thence to Aldersgate-street, to Newgate, which, like most of the entrance gates of towns, was used as a prison; to Ludgate; and from this ancient monument of King Lud, to Fleet-bridge; and then turning down Bridge-street to the Thames. Such were the

narrow boundaries of the city; its liberties and wards, however, occupied a considerable space without the walls.

London Magazine.
(To be concluded in our next.)

Useful Domestic Hints.

COMPOSITION FOR PRESERVING EGGS.

For which a patent was obtained by Mr. Wm. Jayne, of Sheffield.

TAKE and put into a tub or vessel one bushel, Winchester measure, of quick-lime, thirty-two ounces of salt, eight ounces of cream of tartar, and mix the same together with as much water as will reduce the composition, or mixture, to that consistency, that it will cause an egg, put into it, to swim with its top just above the liquid; then put and keep the eggs therein, which will preserve them sound for the space of two years at least.

TO PRESERVE TURNIPS FROM FROST.

By a Gentleman Farmer, of Suffolk.

To preserve this root for feeding cattle late in the spring, the best method appears to be thus:—After drawing your turnips in February, cut off the tops and tap-roots (which may be given to sheep), and let them lie a few days in the field, as no weather will then hurt them. Then, on a layer of straw next the ground, place a layer of turnips two feet thick, and then a layer of straw, and so on alternately, till you have brought the heap to a point. Care must be taken to turn up the edges of the layers of straw, to prevent the turnips from rolling out; cover the top well with long straw, and it will serve as a thatch for the whole. In this method, as the straw imbibes the moisture exhaled from the roots, all vegetation will be prevented, and the turnips will be nearly as good in May, as when drawn from the field. If straw be scarce, old haulm or stubble will answer the same purpose.

Miscellaneous.

(For the Mirror.)

ACIDALIUS VALENS, an eminent critic and writer of Germany, of the sixteenth century, was falsely accused of writing a little work, which had for its object to prove that women were not of the human species. The fact was, that Acidalius happened to meet with the manuscript, and thinking it very whim-

sical, transcribed it, and gave it to a bookseller, by whom it was printed. The performance was highly censured, so that the bookseller, being asked, he discovered the person from whom he obtained the manuscript. A terrible outcry was raised against Acidalius; who, being one day to dine at the house of a friend, there happened to be several ladies at table, and supposing him to be the author, they were moved with so much indignation, that they threatened to throw their plates at his head. Acidalius, however, ingeniously diverted their wrath, by observing, that, in his opinion, the author was a very judicious person, as the ladies were certainly more of the species of angels than of men.

ARISTOTO, the celebrated Italian poet, began one of his comedies during his father's life-time, who rebuked him sharply for some great fault, but all the while he returned no answer. Soon after his brother began to scold on the same subject; but he easily refuted him, and with strong arguments justified his own conduct. "Why, then," said his brother, "did you not so satisfy your father?" "In truth," replied Aristoto, "I was just then thinking of a part of my comedy, and methought my father's speech to me was so suited to the part of an old man chiding his son, that I entirely forgot I was concerned in it myself, and considered it only as forming a part of my play."

LORD BATHURST, (father of the Chancellor,) until within a month of his death, in September, 1775, at the great age of 91, constantly rode on horseback two hours before dinner, and as regularly took his bottle of Claret or Madeira after. On having some friends at his seat at Cirencester, he was very loth to part with them one evening, when his son objected to their sitting up any longer, saying, that "health and long life were best secured by regularity." He was therefore permitted to retire; but as soon as he had departed, the cheerful father said, "Come, my good friends, now the OLD GENTLEMAN has gone to bed, I think we may venture to crack another bottle."

ARISTIPPUS, being asked by a person what his son would be the better for being a scholar, replied, "If for nothing else, yet for this alone, that when he comes into the Theatre, one stone will not sit upon another."

When a certain person recommended his son to Aristippus, he demanded five

hundred drachmas. "Why," said the father, "I could buy a slave for such a sum." "Do so," said Aristippus, "and then you will be master of a couple."

CAOUTCHOUC, OR INDIAN RUBBER.

THIS singular substance is the inspissated juice of a tree, the *Jatropha elastica*, a native of different provinces of South America, and is prepared thus:—Incisions are made in the lower part of the trunk through the bark, and a milky fluid issues in great abundance: it is conveyed into a vessel prepared to receive it by means of a tube or leaf fixed in the incision, and supported with clay: by exposure to the air, it gradually dries into a soft, reddish, elastic resin. The purest is that which separates spontaneously in clear vessels; it is white, or of a light fawn colour. It is, however, imported into Europe in pear-shaped bottles, which are fastened by the Indians of South America, by spreading the juice over a mould of clay; as soon as one layer is dry, another is added, till the bottle be of the thickness desired; it is then exposed to a quick steam smoke, or fire, which not only dries it thoroughly, but gives it the most agreeable appearance. It is then ornamented with various figures by means of an iron instrument. When dry, the clay mould is crushed, the fragments extracted, and in this manner the spherical bottles are formed. Owing to its great elasticity and indestructibility, it is used for a variety of important purposes, such as tubes for conveying gases, catheters, &c. &c.; among the latest applications is that of a flexible tube for introduction into the stomach, to which an apparatus is attached for the washing out any deleterious matter, such as poisons, &c. In Cayenne, and places where it is abundant, torches are made of it for the purpose of illumination. A solution of it in five times its weight of oil of turpentine, and this solution dissolved in eight times its weight of drying linseed oil, is said to form the varnish for balloons. Would not a solution of it be of service to leather, so as to render it water-proof, without destroying its elasticity?

CLAVIS.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*W. Otton.*

PUNNING MOTTOES

Of some of the Corporation Guilds of London.

Salters.—Sal sapit omnia. Salt savours

all things (or salt gives a relish to every thing).

Glaziers.—Da nobis lucem Domine. Lord, give us light!

Wheelerwrights.—God grant unity.

Blacksmiths.—By hammer and hand
All arts do stand.

Fructifiers.—Arbor vitæ Christus, Fructus per fidem gustamus. Christ is the tree of life: through faith we taste its fruits.

Joiners.—Join truth with truth.

Buschers.—Omnia subiecti sub pedibus, oves et boves. Thou hast put all things under his feet (or subjected all things to his dominion), both sheep and oxen.

CRITO GALEN.

GRAMMATICAL TAUTOLOGY.

I'LL prove the word that I've made my theme

Is that that may be doubled without blame;

And that that *that*, thus trebled, I may use;

And that that that that critics may abuse
May be correct. Farther—the done to bother—

Five *thats* may closely follow one another!
For be it known, that we may easily write

Or say, that that *that that that* man writ was right;

Nay, e'en, that that that that that that follow'd

Through six repeats, the Grammar's rule has hallow'd;

And that that *that (that that that that that* began)

Repeated seven times is right!—Deny't who can.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are again, though with extreme reluctance, compelled to omit our detailed answers to our numerous correspondents. We have, however, decided on a host of cases, and shall give judgment on all in our next.

F. C. N., on second thoughts, must perceive that we cannot answer his inquiry; and the *Constant Reader*, who inquires who is the author of an article in No. CXXIV. of the *Mirror*, can scarcely expect that we should give to an unknown individual, what the author has no wish to make known—his name.

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